

Misericordias Domini



in aeternum cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

THIS is now the third year in succession that we have issued a Xmas Number of the Abingdonian. When we consider the favourable reception that has been given to our venture in past years, we feel that no word of apology is needed by way of preface to our present

issue. We do not mean by this that we are prepared to challenge criticism; for it must be remembered that we are but amateurs, and it is not on its literary merits that we rest the justification of our Xmas Number, but on its object, which is to foster a literary spirit in the School. We must thank our contributors who have so readily given us their assistance in our task.

A month or two ago we ventured to forecast our prospects for the ensuing football season. We then looked forward with hope, but intermingling with it, however, there was much anxiety. Now that the greater part of our matches have been played, we see that our fears were groundless. A series of victories, broken only by a single defeat and one drawn game is a feat, of which any team might well be proud. When all have played well, it may perhaps be

thought invidious to particularize individuals, but if any one does deserve special mention, it is the captain, whose brilliant play has contributed greatly to the success of the team.

Most of our readers will have seen the illustrated account of Abingdon School, which appeared in the St. James' Budget of the 30th of November last. We noticed that the writer expressed his obligations to Mr. W. H. Richardson, an Old Abingdonian, who had provided him with most of the materials for his history of the School. He could not have gone to a better authority; for Mr. Richardson possesses a peculiar fund of information about the School and town. The article deserves to be read and read again by all Abingdonians. The School has had a splendid past; it took up the direction of education, soon after the conduct of it had passed from the hands of the monks; but not content with merely carrying on the work in the same grooves, it founded for itself a college at Oxford, in which its sons might receive the highest education possible at that or any other time. Nowhere more than in school life does the past exercise an influence on the present; and it is well for one and all connected with Abingdon School to be reminded of the splendid traditions which they have inherited.

"THE ABINGDONIAN."

Boldly, yet courting not the public gaze,
Nor grasping at the lofty wreath of fame,

We speak for ears whose kindness we can
claim
By fellowship of these and other days.
You, boys no more, shall hear of mimic bays
Won by a gallant youngster in the game;
He, with an answering glow, shall read the
name
Dowered by the world with its full meed of
praise.
Go, "Abingdonian," over lands and sea;
Around the hearts of scattered comrades
twine
Yet one more cord of love and memory,
And with thy simple voice may it be thine
To stir, in chorus of full harmony,
The roll of an unending "Auld Lang Syne!"
E. F. S.

HIS OWN VICTIM.

BY ABEL MORE.

Eustace Leesam was essentially an interesting man, as any man of strongly marked individuality must be; but he was all the more interesting because he was one whom no one understood. Any one of his acquaintances could easily have enumerated many qualities that he possessed, of a kind to mark a man for notice; but an attempt to analyze his character in all its complexity would have formed an ever-baffling puzzle. Many admired him, many too respected him; but it is doubtful if any would have professed to like him. His distinguished presence would at once attract attention, and the power delineated in his face made him appear older than he really was. His persuasive voice and obvious mental capacity further

commanded attention; but over all there was a reserve and inscrutability which left one in doubt as to the presence or absence of the more amiable qualities which induce real friendship. It should be added that Leesam showed extreme caprice in many of his habits and actions. One of the things that his contemporaries at the University could least account for was his comparative intimacy with John Cannock. There was no one whose company he affected more. And yet Cannock seemed a strange comrade for an intellectual, cultured and equable spirit like Leesam's. Cannock for one thing was palpably a man of lower breed. He was coarse in manner, and in taste. Violent-tempered and reckless, he was not unreasonably regarded as a blackguard. It was certain however that Leesam sought his companionship to a great extent, and exercised a strong influence over him. The puzzle was whether he was actuated by philanthropic motives, or by selfish ends; for whether philanthropy was one of the springs of Leesam's character was just one of the things which no one could make out.

Leesam eventually went into business with his father, and did not fail to display marked ability and—to outward view at least—an irreproachable character. After a time too he exerted his influence to get Cannock employed by the firm. In this instance at least he appeared to have acted from benevolence, for Cannock had been fast going to the bad. Indeed he did not stop his downward course even then, and it was a very short time

before he went in sickening fear of imminent exposure of serious irregularities and even defalcations.

So far we have looked at the two men as it were from the outside. The rest of the story must show them rather in their true light, and will to some extent explain their relations. Cannock visited Leesam in his chambers one night. He was in the state of abject terror to which a cowardly and sordid villain is generally reduced by the prospect of retribution; but now and then his fierce temper would make a fitful outburst.

"What do you mean to do for me now?" he exclaimed passionately.

"Do *with* you, I suppose you mean," the other answered calmly, his mouth curling with a sardonic smile. "You might have learned by this time that what I do, either alone, or by your kind help, I do for myself."

"Curse you! yes," replied the other: "I have always been a tool in your hands. Many dirty jobs I've carried out by your planning, and your instigation. I've earned the discredit, and you've controlled the profit."

"And a very good business you've made of it" said Leesam: "much better than you would have done by your own unaided villainy. You see, my good man, you and I are of a different type. You were certain to go to the bad, you were made that way; and if you had been left by yourself you would have gone under long ago. It is true that you have borne the blame for many little swindles, and other improprieties

that were planned by me. But I have paid you, I think, well for your help, which I have found very useful in keeping up my character. Now you never had a character that you could have kept up."

"I wish I had never got in your toils" growled Cannock sullenly. "If I was on the treadmill now, it would be better than this continual state of fear, and your threats. I have no doubt you would manage to split on me, and get out of all trouble yourself, if you gave your diabolical mind to it. That's what always makes me knuckle under."

"Exactly: we always come to the same point. And now for our future plans. I am afraid you may have to efface yourself for a time; but, you know, you have been trying some little games on your own account, and you have of course worked them clumsily. I dare say however we shall work round all right again in time, as we have done before. I am in want of some loose cash, and I have a little scheme for providing it. You wont worry so much about your petty embezzlements when you go off with some thousands in your pocket. Now listen."

Leesam proceeded to unfold his plan, the object of which was to extract a large sum of money from a safe in his father's office. The two were to go there after closing-time on the Saturday night. Christmas Day being on the Monday no discovery would be made till Wednesday, so there would be plenty of time to look to themselves and divert

all suspicion. Leesam explained every detail, and said finally:

"By the bye, in case of any inconvenient interruption you had better bring a revolver. I don't want to spill blood, it is a nasty and an inartistic way of doing things. Still if need be—besides intimidation is sometimes a handy method of procedure."

At the appointed time Leesam let himself and his confederate into the office with his own key. As they ascended the stairs they noticed that a light was burning upstairs. "Be careful, you fool" whispered Leesam, for Cannock was excited and reckless, and moreover had been 'nerving' himself with drink. "You go first John, and if any one is there, take a strong line and cover him with your revolver."

Cannock went on, Leesam following cautiously behind. As the latter reached the landing of old Mr. Leesam's room he saw Cannock standing at the threshold, his revolver aimed at the head of the old gentleman, who was seated at his table. "Let go!" cried Cannock, as Leesam seized his hand: "it is too late to go back, we'll carry the job through. If I swing for it, you swing too. Give us the key of the safe, Mr. Leesam, and promise us a fair run, or I shoot."

Cannock had quite lost his head with the excitement and drink, and, as Leesam knew, was merely threatening wildly what he would never have had the nerve to carry out. He was about to drop his pistol arm when he felt it held up by a

firm grip from behind; felt a hard sinewy finger grip his own, and almost simultaneously with the discharge of the pistol Mr. Leesam sank in a heap in the chair with a ghastly hole straight between the eyes.

* * * *

Ten years had passed since the tragedy of Mr. Leesam's death had startled the city. Eustace Leesam had succeeded to his wealth, and his prosperity had increased yearly. He was now a highly influential and respected man; for his many villainies had been so cunningly contrived as never to have left suspicion, much less a stain, on his character. In appearance he was much changed. Always 'old for his years,' he was now quite grey and wrinkled, though really almost a young man still. Many people thought him the image of his poor father. Good reason was there for wrinkles and grey hairs in the terrible secrets closeted in his inmost heart. Always his mind was running on the past. He remembered how he had counselled Cannock in frenzy of terror and remorse to fly with all speed, and had given him a good sum—the price of his silence he had hoped. The murder had remained a mystery, because although Cannock had been suspected, Leesam had given evidence that he had seen him off to Liverpool an hour or two before the crime could have been committed. If Cannock was caught he could not expect him not to tell all the truth; and even now though he had not heard of him all these years, there was ever a haunting

fear that he might someday and somewhere disclose the terrible secret.

Cannock in the course of ten harrowing, haunting years had wiped out his former identity, and had returned to England a half-maniac, unknown outcast. He too could not shut out from his mind the images that he would fain obliterate. Drink did not drown his memory though at times it made him reckless and defiant of the phantoms that always pursued him. Often he had been on the brink of suicide, but physical fear overcame his mental desperation. And now as he tramped through the melting snow and blinding sleet he seemed more than ever to be living through past times again. He knew not what he did, or whither he went; and accidentally, or at least unconsciously, he had wandered to the very house of his former crime. In his dazed and wild state he opened the door and crept up the stairs.

Upstairs, in the very room, and at the same table where his father had foully died, Eustace Leesam sat striving to direct his thoughts to his business, though all the time his thoughts sped back to that day ten years before, when he had stained his own hands with a father's blood, and had dragged another soul to perdition.

Suddenly a wild unkempt figure appeared in the doorway:

"Good God!" a hoarse voice cried: "Will you not leave me alone but torture me for ever?"

Before him Cannock saw, as his

demented fancy thought, the form of the man whom in deed, if only in part in will, he had cruelly murdered ten years ago. He hurled himself upon the other's neck, his fingers closed tighter and tighter round the throat, while the two rolled closely locked in frenzied struggle on the floor. Both groaned and gasped together, and at last Cannock, wild, dishevelled, mad, stood up, himself half dead, while Eustace Leesam, with starting eyes and dropping jaw, lay a livid and distorted corpse.

THE MUNICIPAL INSIGNIA OF THE CORPORATION OF ABINGDON.

As the School has certainly provided Abingdon (to say nothing of other Boroughs) with several of its Mayors, and probably not a few, it may be fitting and interesting to give a short account of the insignia which in this ancient town are the accompaniment and symbol of the chief magisterial office, especially since the great mace, which I suppose is now never seen in the School, used in the olden time to make so conspicuous a figure when the Corporation came in State on "Visitation Day," as some of us well remember. Abingdon, as every well-informed townsman will know, received its original Charter of incorporation from Philip and Mary, in the year 1556, and no doubt then provided itself with a mace. In the Minute Book of the Corporation

under the date, 25th Sept., 1599 (41st Eliz.), I find an entry that the "old mace" had lately been sold. This I conclude was the original one, and it is a pity it was disposed of, because I am informed, on the best authority, that of all the Corporate maces made in the reign of Philip and Mary, only one, a sergeant's mace, is now known to exist. The same entry tells us that in place of the "old mace" the Corporation then obtained a new "great mace," and also bought two little maces, which I will refer to presently.

In 1649, at the beginning of the Commonwealth period, it was ordered by Parliament that all maces and such-like emblems of authority, should be altered in such a way as entirely to divest them of all regal badges or ornamentation. This order was very generally carried out in 1650, though in some cases later, and the existing maces altered or made at this time are exceedingly curious and interesting. Some of them, as for example, the mace of Stratford-on-Avon, had a fillet placed round the head bearing the inscription: "THE FREEDOM OF ENGLAND BY GOD'S BLESSING RESTORED," with a date, and at the Restoration this inscription was often ingeniously preserved, as in this instance, the date being altered to 1660. There can be little doubt that the Abingdon Elizabethan mace, in common with others, underwent the same change, but on the Restoration of Charles II. everything was re-altered: the arms and devices of the Protectorate were removed, and

the maces re-modelled, and in some instances entirely re-made, and this is what I think happened to the Abingdon "great mace." The inscription on it tells us that it "was made for y^e Corporation" in 1660, the year of the Restoration, but there are features in the ornamental work upon it which suggest that it was not an entirely new mace, but was re-made from the one previously in use. Whether this was so or not can only be decided by submitting it to an examination by experts, and I hope it may be convenient some day to have it laid before a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London, under whose auspices a fine and typical series of no less than 130 maces, and 24 swords of state, lent by the courtesy of the several Mayors and Corporations, were exhibited at Burlington House in June, 1888.

The Abingdon "great mace" is of silver gilt, and 4 feet 5 inches in length. The shaft is richly chased with foliage, and has two bold bandings and a large globular foot knob. Scrolled brackets support the head, the surface of which is divided by demi-figures and arched scrolls, into four compartments, enclosing respectively the four national emblems—the rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp, each between the crowned initials C.R. On the flat top are the royal arms of the Stuarts, with crest and supporters, and surrounding it is a circlet of crosses and fleur-de-lis, from which spring open arches forming the crown, and surmounted by an orb and cross. The mace was repaired and re-gilt in 1720,

and again, I think, since that date.

The smaller maces are sergeant's maces. These I believe are not now used at Abingdon, though similar maces are still carried before some other Corporations. Bristol, for instance, continues to maintain its eight sergeants-at-mace, each one of whom, on the public appearances of the Corporation, carries his silver mace.

Abingdon has now three of these sergeants' maces, the earliest of which is one of "the two little maces" purchased in 1599. It is of silver, 7 inches in length, and has a cup-shaped head, with the royal cypher E.R. and the fleur-de-lis, crown, and rose; a cresting surrounds it, and on the flat top are the royal arms of Queen Elizabeth, with lion and dragon supporters. The grip or handle has had flanges, now broken off, and on the flat end, fashioned like a seal, is a lion rampant.

The next, in point of date, is of silver, and 5½ inches long, with a similar head, but ornamented with a rose, fleur-de-lis, thistle, and harp, all crowned; on the flat top are the royal arms of the Stuarts, with supporters, motto, and crown; the handle retains only one of its four flanges, and has on the flat end the figure of an eagle displayed.

The third and latest of these maces, also silver, is 6½ inches in length, and has on the head the royal cypher of James I., and the rose, harp, and fleur-de-lis, all crowned, and on the flat top the royal arms of that monarch; the shaft or handle is perfect, having all its

flanges, and at the end of it is the figure of a falcon with bells.

The Mayor's gold chain is quite modern; the central link and the pendant badge, displaying in gold and enamel the Arms of the Borough, were presented in 1870, by J. C. Clarke, Esq., J.P., Mayor in 1869-70, and sometime M.P. for Abingdon, and the links of the chain, together with small shields bearing their names, have been given by successive Mayors.

The Borough seal, $1\frac{3}{16}$ inch long, is oval in shape, and bears a shield of the Town Arms, above which is a lion's face between two bold scrolls; and round the margin is the legend:—

“BVRGVS ABINGDON IN COM BERK.”

WLL. H. RICHARDSON.

THE SON'S RETURN.

BY GAIVS.

It is now several years ago since Mrs. Gibbens sat brooding over her thoughts in her dimly-lighted parlour, on Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Anne Gibbens was a widow with a considerable fortune and gave one the idea that she had met with a great deal of trouble. Her health was shattered, and she looked much older than she really was. Nature had blessed her with an only son, but alas! he was no more. At the age of fifteen he had gone to sea and had never returned. His mother had tried hard to persuade

herself that he was not dead, and would one day return to her, but in vain.

A loud knock at the front door startled the old lady from her reverie, and in a moment in rushed a man of about thirty-five, tall, fair and handsome. “Mother!” he exclaimed, “at last I have returned.” Mrs. Gibbens took some minutes to collect her thoughts, she recognised his face, but his appearance had been so sudden that she could not grasp the situation. Before long, however, she recovered her senses, and thanked Heaven for the return of her dear son. What joy! what rapture! All these years she had hoped against hope, and now to have him with her once more!

Naturally she had many questions to ask him, and he at once began his story in a voice that sounded so familiar to her now.

“Two years after I left you my ship foundered due south of Cape Breeze. Five only of the crew, of whom I was one, were picked up by a French merchant vessel bound for the Pacific. The captain offered to let us join his crew, which we did. After having been there for four years we were wrecked by an hurricane, and all except six of us, were drowned. We six escaped to a neighbouring island, and there we had to stay for about nine years before a British ship rescued us.”

* * * *

It was Christmas Evening. Harold Gibbens, ragged, cold and foot-sore, was slowly making his way through

the snow to the village of Baymouth, He had walked from Portsmouth.

Presently he reached an old, gloomy looking mansion that he knew well. He rang loudly at the bell and rushed past the servant who opened the door, into the drawing-room, where sat his mother and a stranger.

"Mother!" he cried.

"Who are you sir?" asked Mrs. Gibbens.

"What!" he exclaimed, "don't you know your own son?"

"My son, yes, here he is," she replied, pointing to the stranger.

In a second, Harold Gibbens took in the situation and gazed at the stranger. Surely he knew that face, yes, he was sure of it. "Roberts!" he said. With an oath the first-comer turned towards the door, but finding Gibbens there before him, he resolved to make a clean breast of it all. He, Henry Roberts, had been page-boy there, before Harold had gone to sea, Mrs. Gibbens had dismissed him on finding that he was dishonest. Afterwards, he had fallen into many bad crimes, and had formed this device of pretending to be Harold Gibbens in order to get her to leave him her money, and if needs be, to murder her. But Mrs. Gibbens was of a forgiving nature and agreed to pardon him if he left the country immediately. Her true son's story did not differ materially from that which the imposter had told her. He had been wrecked in the Pacific and had stayed there many

years. Some few months after his rescue he was captured by a Chinese junk narrowly escaping death. At last he had escaped, but it was some years before he could reach England, as he had to work his way by degrees.

HORACE.

The recent publication of Mr. Gladstone's translation of the Odes of Horace has naturally drawn popular attention to the elegant lyrical poet, satirist, moralist, and thorough man of the world, who flourished in the day-dawn of the Roman Empire.

In writing of a classical author for the "Abingdonian" we know that we are appealing generally to sympathetic minds, although there may perhaps be some amongst our readers, who after quitting the class room for the battle of life, have felt inclined to exclaim with Lord Byron—

"Then farewell Horace whom I hated so," for his style is not always an easy one to construe. But with the remembrance of the precocious schoolboy's answer, in an apt line from Virgil, to Queen Elizabeth when questioned on certain punitive results which follow bad construing,* we will leave the further consideration of such a distressing subject as totally unfit for association with the feelings engendered by the present season of the year.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, "as every schoolboy knows," was born at Venusia,

* "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem"

in Italy, B.C. 65. He was the son of a freedman (an origin often brought up against him in after life as a reproach—"quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum." SAT. I. 6—) who had retired upon a small estate, acquired through his exertions in a calling which, it has been variously asserted, was that of a tax-gatherer, a collector of sums receivable at auctions, and a dealer in salted provisions. For the last description we are indebted to Suetonius, who, in justification of it, cites a vulgar jest said to have been made by one of the poet's acquaintances. Horace, himself, simply describes his father as "coactor," a tax gatherer. This freedman, although he was really only "macro pauper agello"—a poor man on a poor farm—as we learn from the Sixth Satire of the First Book, was able to give his son a liberal education, and (SAT. I. 4) much excellent advice as a guide for his future career, for which Horace retained a deep feeling of gratitude all his life. He accounted his father, indeed, one of the most excellent of men, and the honest pride with which he regarded him after reaching the pinnacle of his contemporary fame, when he was a participator in all that was best of the literary and political life of Rome, and the honoured friend of Augustus Cæsar, is one of the pleasantest traits of his character.

The first school to which Horace was sent was that of Flavius at Venusia, "where proud boys, sprung from great centurions, with their satchels and copy books swung over the left arm, went,

with money in their hands the very day it was due, " (SAT. I. 6.)† Such is the somewhat satirical record he has given us of his earliest Grammar School. Leaving Flavius, Horace was sent to Rome where he studied under Orbilius Pupillus of Beneventum, "plagosus Orbilius" as, with a vivid recollection of his old master's severity he describes him in later days. This Orbilius, by the way, lived to be one hundred years old. From Rome, Horace, at the age of 17 or 18, was sent to Athens to complete his education, and it was during his studies in the renowned seat of learning for the Roman youth that the world was startled by that epoch-making event, the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Like many another young student of later times, who has afterwards made a great mark in literature, Horace enthusiastically adopted republican doctrines, and, leaving his studies, became, in the struggle that followed Cæsar's death, an officer in the army of Brutus and Cassius in Mucedonia. Subsequently he rose to be a tribune in a legion, a rank equivalent to that of colonel of a regiment in the present day. But the aspirations of the young and militant republican were not destined to lead him to the goal he anticipated; and after the disastrous defeat at Philippi he finally sheathed his sword. It had been averred that he literally threw it away, together with his shield, in escaping from the battle-field, but the statement is generally regarded as

† We have used the word "proud" in translating this passage, but "magni pueri," we take it, means, in the vernacular, "stuck-up" boys.

a calumny, so far as it may be held to impute cowardice.

From the field of Philippi, Horace's fate seems to have led him direct to Rome where, as soon as possible, he wisely made his peace with the predominant party. His poor patrimonial acres at Venusia (his father had died before the return to Rome) were, however, confiscated by the Triumvirs, but, owing probably to the exertions of his friends, he was able to obtain a modest appointment in the office of one of the Quæstors, in what may perhaps be described as the Roman Civil Service, although the Quæstors had duties, and a jurisdiction, which went far beyond what in modern days would be included under such a term. It does not appear that Horace was a particularly diligent servant of the State, indeed the insight we obtain of his life from his writings seems to indicate that his career in this capacity was that of the typical Civil Service Clerk, of a period not very remote from the present; for he tells us in one of his Satires (he had then made the acquaintance of Mæcenas) that the following message reached him at the house of his patron:—

"De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te

Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti"

The clerks, O Quintus, pray thee to remember to come back to-day concerning a new and important public matter." It looks as if our friend had escaped from the desk during the office hours, the regulation "ten to four" of that time.

It was in the early days of Horace's employment as a clerk that he first

began to write for his bread. His salary must have been a very modest one for he tells us that poverty, greatly daring, impelled him to make verses—

"Paupertas impulit audax

Ut versus facerem."

and, also, that he "rested not content with his own condition." Doubtless many a laugh must have gone round the Quæstor's office over some satirical essay on the part of the lazy young fellow who had flung away his shield in Macedonia, and who, not having been able to carve his way to independence and reputation with the sword, now essayed to conquer destiny with his pen. Be that as it may, it is generally conceded that Horace published nothing until he was about 30, when the First Book of the Satires appeared. After the publication of his first work his fortunes appear to have undergone a change for the better, and he began to lead the life of a lively young bachelor about town. He had already made the acquaintance of many friends, and, above all, that of his princely patron. There is a terse description of his mode of life at this period at the conclusion of the Sixth Satire of the First Book. He relates to Mæcenas his indolent easy-going life "free from a miserable and burdensome ambition."

Directly after his return to Rome, Horace had made the acquaintance of Virgil, in whose company he frequently dined at the house of their common friend, Lucius Varius Rufus, one of the most renowned epic poets of the time, but whose works, unfortunately, are lost.

It was to Varius that Horace owed the luckiest event of his life, his introduction to Mæcenas (circ. B.C. 38), which took place at the latter's house on the Esquiline hill. The Sixth Satire of the First Book gives us an account of the interview which was to exercise such a great influence on the worldly circumstance of the young satirist. We learn how bashful he felt in coming into the presence of the faithful counsellor of Augustus; (we should call him prime minister in these days) how brokenly his words came, and how modestly and truthfully he referred to his humble parentage. How briefly Mæcenas answered, and how it was not until nine months afterwards that he received an invitation to again visit his future patron, who then told him to number himself among his friends. From that time the protection and friendship of Mæcenas were never wanting to Horace. It was at the former's house that he met Octavian, the future Augustus Cæsar. Four years after the introduction of Horace to Mæcenas the latter presented him with the famous Sabine farm, a small but prettily situated estate not far from Rome, upon which, we learn, there were settled five tenants who paid rent. Plenty of wood grew upon the estate, it was well watered, and the farms produced corn, wine and olives in abundance. This splendid gift raised Horace at once to a position above all care for the future. In the second Epode his feelings as a possessor of land are depicted with singular satisfaction—with such a comfortable idea of

acquired competence and independence. From this time forward Horace led a life of lettered ease. He had published (about B.C. 33) soon after the gift of the Sabine farm, the Second Book of Satires, and about two years afterwards the Epodes. He had now contracted a great taste for dining out, and to his friends, always a select circle, was ever welcome. Sometimes he was the guest of Augustus himself in his then modest house on the Palatine hill. At other times he would receive his friends either in Rome or at the villa on his Sabine estate, or at the cottage, which the increase of his fortunes had enabled him to acquire, in the beautiful valley of the river Anio near Tibur (Tivoli).

Judged from his writings, Horace was certainly a *gourmet*, and to this must be attributed the fact of his becoming fat and unwieldy in the later years of his life. How fondly he recalls in the sixth Satire of the Second Book, the pleasant suppers given during his rural retirement ("O noctes cenæque deum"!)

But to a man of Horace's temperament and gifts we can well believe that the pleasures of these delectable feasts—"fit for the gods"—were at least equalled by those derived from conversing with such men as Augustus, Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius, Tibullus (the sweet elegiac singer), Fundanius (the comic man of the circle—SAT. I. 10) Pollio (orator, poet and historian) and others (of minor light) such as Caius Furnius (Cicero's friend), Torquatus, and Plotius.

Horace loved the country with an

abiding love. He was completely happy when away from the turmoil of the great city. It had ever been among his wishes, he tells us, to own a moderate estate, in which there were comprised a garden, a fountain with a continual stream, close to the house, and a little woodland—"Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons Et paulum silvæ super his foret" (SAT. II. 6.) And, he adds, thinking of the magnificent gift of his patron, "auctius atque di melius fecere": the gods had done for him more abundantly, and better, than ever he had dreamed of. In the pleasant days of the year he would sit under the shade of trellised vines, or lie under the aged holms, listening to the murmur of his beloved Bandusian fountain (ODES III. 13), to which he, rightly, promised an immortal fame. Or he would complacently gaze on his "herds of lowing cattle," or watch "the well-fed sheep hastening home." Or, as the seasons varied, collect honey from the well-stocked hives, witness the shearing of his sheep, or gather the ripe fruit from the orchards, prune his vines, or superintend the vintage. In the serene nights of an Italian spring or summer we can fancy him when—

"The moon was shining in the
clear sky

Among the lesser stars,"

invoking an inspiration from the Goddess of Love as he indited an ode to a Neæra, a Chloë, a Lydia or a Lalagè. Thus, his days glided calmly along to their close.

The first three books of his immortal Odes are supposed to have been published about B.C. 24. His publishers were the famous brothers Sosii, who had their mart in the Argiletum—"the Paternoster Row of Ancient Rome" as it has been called—a quarter situate between the Forum and the Suburra. The First Book of Epistles appeared about B.C. 20, the Carmen Sæculare B.C. 17, when Horace was 48; and the Fourth Book of the Odes about B.C. 14. The date of the publication of the second Book of the Epistles is not known, in fact, with the exception of the Carmen Sæculare all the dates given are more or less conjectural. But as regards the "Secular Ode," there is sure ground for fixing the date of its first appearance, as it was written to celebrate the Secular Games, (held in the spring of the year 17, B.C.), which, by a pious fraud on the part of the Quindecimviri—the Sacred Fifteen—were supposed to have been regularly held in the Campus Martius every 110 years, this number completing a "sæculum" or "age." The games were celebrated for three days and nights in succession, and are supposed to have been derived from the Ludi Tarentini so called from the name of a hot sulphur pool (Tarentum), of volcanic origin which stood in the Field of Mars, where an altar to the infernal Gods (Dis and Proserpina) had existed from the earliest days of the city.*

The official report of the celebration of the games B.C. 17 (the text, edited

* Lanciani.

by Mommsen, is given in Signor Lanciani's excellent work "Pagan and Christian Rome") was luckily discovered in Rome four years ago, and it is one of the most interesting inscriptions brought to light in the Eternal City of late years. Augustus appointed Horace to compose an ode for the occasion, to be sung in alternate stanzas by 54 children, 27 boys and 27 girls, of patrician birth. In the celebration of these secular games we have a glimpse of Horace in the closing years of his life. He led the procession of children, who were "clad in snow-white tunics, crowned with flowers, and waved branches of laurel."† Starting from the temple of Apollo, the procession wended its way to the Capitol and thence back to the Palatine. All Rome was in the streets to witness the spectacle and to listen to the children singing, in the words of their leader's glorious ode, praises to the immortal Gods, to whom the might of the seven-hilled city was due. It is a pretty picture and a pleasant one in which to take leave of our poet.

Nine years after this event Horace died. He survived by only a few weeks Mæcenas and was buried near his tomb on the Esquiline. In the ruin that fell upon Rome when the Western Empire succumbed to the hordes of barbarians who assailed it from every point, the poet's tomb was no doubt destroyed, but as he himself proudly said, he reared in his own lifetime by his works a monument which

† Lanciani.

"Nor eating rain
It may shatter, nor intemperate gale,
Countless train of years, nor flight of
time."

(Epilogue to Odes—Newman).

J. H. CROFTS.

WHOSE FAULT?

BY R. E.

Some time ago the little village of A— was horrified by a crime, terrible enough in itself, and perpetrated under circumstances which enhanced the horror of the deed. An old lady, widow of a clergyman, was found murdered early on the morning of Xmas Day. The murder had been perpetrated at night, and no one had actually witnessed the deed, but a variety of circumstances united to indicate her son as the criminal. Her adopted son, a young man whom she had literally picked out of the gutter, brought up as her own child, sent to Oxbridge, intending that he should take orders, and on his refusal to do so had acquiesced in his taking the post of tutor in a private family in the hope that he might ultimately be persuaded to fall in with her wishes.

From evidence adduced at the trial, it appeared that the young man had come down on the day before the murder to spend his Xmas holidays with his adopted mother; that on the eve of the murder the servants heard mother and son engaged in an angry dispute; that later on the household had retired to

rest as usual only to be awakened by loud screams proceeding from the old lady's bedroom, and then all was still. The servants, two women, too frightened to go to the help of their mistress, contented themselves by locking and barricading their door, and only when they had secured themselves did they venture to open their window and utter the cries peculiar to people in distress, but as the house was some distance from the village they failed to attract any attention. Rather surprised that their young master had, during all this commotion, made no sign, they resolved, after a considerable time, to go down and see what had happened. To their astonishment, however, both his room and that of their mistress were locked, and in answer to their repeated knocks there was no reply. In the morning the mystery was cleared up; the neighbours were called and an entry was forced into the two rooms; that of the young man was found to be empty; whilst in the other, lying among a heap of overturned furniture, was found the body of the mistress of the house quite dead, her face livid and marks of strong fingers on her throat; and on further investigation another fact was disclosed which shed light on the motives of the crime—a considerable sum of money which she was known to have received on the previous day was found to be missing. A hue and cry was at once raised, and the country was scoured in all directions, and at last the unhappy man, who, strange to say, seemed to have made no attempt to escape from the district, was

arrested in the neighbourhood of his old home, to which it appeared he was returning, with what intention it was never known; but he had all the appearance of one distraught with grief, as well as worn out with hunger and fatigue.

A case supported by evidence as strong as this would have been difficult to rebut, but if additional proof was needed to explain the motives of the crime, even that was forthcoming. Allusion has been made to an angry dispute that had occurred a few hours before the dreadful deed was committed; the reason of this quarrel was now explained by the counsel for the prosecution putting in a cheque for £100 made payable to the prisoner, and to which the signature of his adopted mother had been forged. The cheque, it appeared, had been cashed by the bank without their suspicions being in any way aroused, for during the young man's University course, and even later, considerable sums had been paid over to him. It was some time after the cheque had been presented that the old lady had discovered that her balance had been so seriously reduced; investigations had then been made and the fraud perpetrated had been discovered, and the forgery conclusively proved to have been the work of the prisoner. Mrs. Kirkmont, for that was the lady's name, would not allow any proceedings to be instituted until she had herself seen her son and heard what he had to say in his defence. It was conjectured then that the mother had taken the earliest possible oppor-

tunity after her son's return to tax him with his crime; that in all probability no adequate explanation had been given, and Mrs. Kirkmont had resolved to let the law take its course, and to this was due the scene of mutual recrimination that ensued, and its lurid termination. To this terrible indictment the prisoner pleaded not guilty, but he had no witnesses to call, whilst he himself maintained an obstinate silence, in the face of which, all his counsel's efforts to save him ended, as might have been expected, in utter and hopeless failure. The prisoner was found guilty, but when asked whether he had anything to say, he still refused to speak; and the judge, after dilating on the atrocity of the deed—the greatest kindness repaid by the most heartless treachery and cruel ingratitude, proceeded to pass sentence in the usual form.

During the short period of life that remained, the condemned man persisted in preserving the same obstinate silence that he had maintained before his conviction. All the time he only received a single visitor, but the interview was short, and though seemingly of a painful nature, little was said. After the interview, however, he busied himself in writing, and on the eve of the execution he gave the manuscript to the prison chaplain, instructing him not to open it till after his death.

Faithfully observing his promise the chaplain did not open the packet till the next day. It contained, as he expected, an account of a life that had

just been forfeited; but what he did not expect was the strange sympathy that it roused in him for a man whom he had regarded as the most abandoned villain. Exigences of space compel us to abridge the story, but still we have kept as much as possible to the unfortunate man's own words.

"Of my early life I have but imperfect recollections. About my origin, however, no secret was ever made, and from inquiries I made afterwards, I learnt many particulars, with which my benefactors had not acquainted me. I was born in the little village of Scarby, about 20 miles from the place that was afterwards to be my home. My father was a travelling showman, who earned a precarious living by exhibiting a few tawdry waxworks and mangy wild beasts, and when business was dull by showing his face through a window in the van and inviting all and everybody to have shots at it with a ball—a penny a shot, and a cigar to any one who succeeded in hitting it. A couple of vans contained his worldly goods, his beasts, his waxworks, his wife and family, including myself, who had come into the world on the very day that my father entered the village. On the next day, however, when the festivities were just beginning, my mother died. Such an untoward event in a little place created a great sensation; particularly affected thereby was Miss Bedford, a lady of independent means, who resided in the vicar's family, in which she gave some assistance as governess, and received in return a home. This life she

lived, not from necessity but from choice. She was a woman deeply imbued with the wish to do good in the world, and the better to enable her to carry out her intentions, as she had no near relations who might have required her assistance, and as she was still strong and possessed of a firm will and stately presence, which would be sure to win her respect wherever she went, she determined, even after she had come into her property, to continue to some extent to earn her own living. Her generosity, however, though great, was not appreciated as one would have expected it to be. The fault may have lain partly with her beneficiaries, if it is universally true that gratitude is but expectation of favours to come, but she was not altogether guiltless herself. The rôle that she delighted to play was that of Lady Bountiful, and she always expected those whom she benefited to treat her as such; their gratitude was to be unbounded, and they had not to fail to give this gratitude expression in words. The result was, what might be expected, her favourites became hypocrites, trading on her kindness, and if they failed in any request, their appreciation of past favours was shown only by secret abuse.

But to return from this digression, the occasion was one that appealed to Miss Bedford with peculiar force; she pictured to herself the horrors of life in a showman's van, and was determined to rescue from them a still innocent child. Without any delay she went to my father and offered to take charge of

me, an offer which my father immediately accepted. A woman was soon found who was ready to undertake my bringing up, and to her care I was confided. Soon after this Miss Bedford left the village, but before leaving she visited my nurse to explain what her intentions were with regard to me. In a few years time I was to be sent to a home, there to learn some trade, but as this home was conducted on strict Church lines, special care was to be taken that I should be thoroughly grounded in strict Church principles—so ignorant are people of the mental capacity of children; moreover I was on no account to be allowed to forget her to whom I owed so much.

During the next few years my life was that of any ordinary village child. At last my benefactress returned with a husband, the Rev. Michael Kirkmont, rector of the neighbouring parish of A—, whom she had recently married, and on her way home had brought to see her protégé. As soon as I arrived I was summoned before them, and as I heard later, lost favour at once by not rushing to my benefactress to thank her for kindnesses vicariously rendered. For this dereliction of duty my foster mother was sternly upbraided, but the crisis came when it was found that I was as ignorant of Church principles as might have been expected, when my foster mother was only less ignorant than myself. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkmont at once decided to remove me from such unchristian influence and themselves to undertake my education and to aid

in eradicating those hereditary tendencies to evil, which they thought must be innate in one whose parentage was such as mine.

From that time on the Rectory of A— was my home. For many years my position there was a strange one; for I was not a servant nor yet a member of the household. I was sent to the village school, but for fear of contamination and nullifying the chastening influences that were being brought to bear on me, I was forbidden, as far as possible, any association with the other village children. Needless to say that the prohibition was not rarely broken; that punishment followed; that to escape I had recourse to equivocation; then to downright lying. This may serve as an example of various other rules dictated by the best intentions; but alas! as the proverb says, it is with such intentions that the road to hell is paved. No man ever heard good intentions alleged except by way of excuse. A feeble mind might have yielded obedience; a strong mind might have resisted; but one that is neither strong nor weak takes a wavering course, ever afraid, yet ever seeking to break through restrictions under which it chafes.

Such was my life at home. At school I did well, in fact so well that at the age of twelve, the idea of apprenticing me to a trade was abandoned, and I was sent to a neighbouring Grammar School. It was only after long and serious deliberation that the rector and his wife were induced to change their intentions

with regard to my future; but at last they were convinced that it was clearly the will of Heaven that I should earn my living not with my hands but with my head. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." It may be so, but as I look back on my life I see that my course was guided by no fixed purpose; that I drifted on at the mercy of any change of wind and tide; I was to have been a mechanic, now my patrons destined me for a clerk's desk, but neither was this intention realized. Representations from my masters that I was certain to win an open scholarship led them to reconsider their position with respect to me. With the change in my prospects, I need hardly say, my position in the rectory was changed too. Not having any children of their own, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkmont determined to adopt me as their son. I realized their expectations by gaining a scholarship, and was in due course sent up to the University.

If I could even now have recognized the greatness of my obligations to my adopted father and mother, and the misery of the life from which, through their aid, I had been delivered, all might have been well. But petty restrictions and the jealous watch that they kept on my every movement, and their evident fear that my hereditary tendencies to vice had not been yet eradicated, rendered sympathy between us impossible. There were times, indeed, when I had better impulses, when I determined to yield unreserved obedience

to their wishes, but these impulses rarely acted upon grew less strong in consequence. My set, too, at the University was an expensive one, and I soon grew as reckless as any one in it, though with even less justification, with regard to the expense to which I put 'the governor.' I began to play fast and loose with money obligations and thereby to lay the foundation of my subsequent fall.

It was towards the end of my University course that my adopted father died, and his death brought me face to face with the crisis of my own life. My real father, without ever obtruding in person, had always kept himself well informed concerning me.

It was not paternal affection, I am afraid, but an eye to prospective advantages that had occasioned the letters, full of ill-spelt prayers and devout wishes, which he addressed to Mrs. Kirkmont regularly twice every year, and for which he received his reward in money. Mr. Kirkmont's death opened to him a prospect of obtaining more liberal supplies; blood is thicker than water, and he thought that he would have little difficulty in prevailing on me to join with him in fleecing my foster mother. Such were his intentions in seeking me out. It was in the course of the last term at Oxbridge that I came across him. He had come to the town with the intention of seeing me, but he could not overlook the opportunity of doing a little business on his own account. His occupation was not the same as it had been some twenty years

before. He had been, as I have mentioned, a showman; he was now engaged as a vendor of quack medicines. He was in the occupation of his trade when I first saw him: I was with two or three friends at the time, and as we had nothing better to do, we stood for a time listening to him, and after a while began to chaff him. Just as we were leaving him, one of my friends happened to call me by name loud enough for him to hear. He at once beckoned me aside and proceeded to make our relationship known. My evident terror lest my friends should overhear suggested to him the idea that he might as well commence operations by levying blackmail on his undutiful son. Rather than he should come and visit me, I consented to visit him at his home in London. Convinced that if I did not quickly fulfil my promise, he would be sure to return to Oxbridge, I took the earliest opportunity of going up to town. There I was introduced to my other relations, my father's brother, his wife and daughter, one and all members of the swindling fraternity: the men were engaged chiefly in the sale of quack medicines, the women in that of flash jewelry; but no form of cheating seemed to come amiss to them: they were connected with a gang of coiners, I afterwards learnt, and my cousin, a girl of remarkable beauty, and and of manners far above what might have been expected of one in her position was employed in passing them off. There is no need to dilate upon a painful story. Attracted by my cousin's

beauty I repeated my visit, and an engagement was shortly entered into between us, to the great joy of my relations, who thought that such an arrangement would facilitate their schemes of extorting money. I will pass over the various stages of my fall, and will only mention the completion of it, when induced, I know not how, I signed my foster mother's name to that fatal cheque. It was with the certainty that to escape detection was now impossible, that I went home on Christmas Eve last. I ought to have mentioned that some time previous to this, foster mother, who had continued to reside in the village after her husband's death, feeling lonely, had determined to engage a companion to live with her. Armed with credentials, acquired I know not how, my cousin had presented herself, and had been offered and accepted the post; of course not a word was said about our relationship. On my arrival I was not left long in doubt about my fate; I was confronted with the cheque, and the whole miserable story was revealed. The girl was dismissed at once, and I was allowed three days in which to leave the country. My cousin, however, never left the neighbourhood; at night she returned, her object was to lay hands on a large sum of money which my mother had just received and had placed in a desk in her bedroom, and getting into the house unperceived, she awaited a suitable moment for carrying out her intention. In the execution, however, of it, she awoke the old lady, and a terrible struggle

ensued. Roused by the noise, I effected an entrance into the room but not in time to prevent its tragic termination. In answer to passionate entreaties, I allowed the wretched girl to go, and after removing all evidence that might have connected her with the crime, I too, rushed out into the night. Next day I returned only to be arrested for the crime. I could only clear myself at the expense of the woman I had once loved, and friendless and disgraced, I cared not for life, even though I ended it amidst general execrations. Of the real criminal for a long time I heard nothing, until a few days ago, stung with remorse, she came to see me, and would have made a full confession; but honour lost and love betrayed, life for me had lost its charm. On my refusal of her offer she bade me write a true account of my life; as for herself, her own hand would take the life that was forfeit to the laws.

To this tale the chaplain added a note to the effect that on the morning of the execution as the clock struck eight, the woman who had called on the condemned man shot herself close to the prison walls.

CERISE AND WHITE.

The Man we bless and his brave Queen Bess
 Were made of the same good English stuff;
 Sing, heart and voice, to old John Roysse—
 You cannot extol his name enough.
 Each passing race to the next gives place

But Abingdon School will be all right ;
We will carry it on, good Founder John !—
Hurrah, for your boys in Cerise and White !

CHORUS—

Cerise and White ! Cerise and White !
To the front in the game ! In the thick of
the fight !

The world shall ring with the song we sing—
Hurrah, for the Boys in Cerise and White !

Through the hot long day at the "sticks" we
stay,

Or "hunt the leather" with dauntless soul ;
In the autumn slush our resistless rush
Takes the winning shot to the guarded
goal ;

Our gallant "four" since the days of yore
Have wrested the bays from men of might ;
Whatever the game, it is all the same—

You may bet on the boys in Cerise and
White.

CHORUS—

Cerise and White ! Cerise and White ! etc.
When the shouts are done and the battle won,
We stretch tired limbs in the pleasant shade ;
With a chum or a book in a cosy nook
We talk or dream of the runs we made ;
We may drift at our ease past the willow trees,
When the silvery Thames is summer-bright,
Or talk till we tire by the winter fire
Of the deeds of the Boys in Cerise and White.

CHORUS—

Cerise and White ! Cerise and White ! etc.
In the busy hum of the days to come,

When the world of men is our field of play,
We shall carry still the dauntless will,

The pluck and the grit, that are ours to-day.
And though time and cares may bring grey
hairs,

And our names in the school be forgotten
quite,

Yet the arm of a friend shall be ours to the end,
When we're old, old boys in Cerise and
White.

CHORUS—

Cerise and White ! Cerise and White !
To the front in the game ! in the thick of
the fight !

Sing boys, sing ; let the wide world ring
With the fame of the Boys in Cerise and
White !

E. F. S.

FOOTBALL.

The Team has so far been very success-
full, more so indeed than anyone quite
expected at the commencement of the
season. Below are given brief notes of the
matches played up to date.

School v. Thame School.

This, the first match of the season,
was played at home on Oct. 24th. The
ground was in a very slippery condition,
and the ball did not lend itself kindly to
shooting. Nevertheless the home forwards
managed to put it through as many as
nine times, whilst our opponents scored
twice in the second half. By our score
(9 to 2) we adequately avenged ourselves
for last years defeat by a similar margin.
Goals for the School were kicked by
Lovett (6) Shepherd, Brown and Noble
(one each).

Oct. 31st, School v. Oxford High School.
Played at home. The High School were
rather the heavier lot, but went to pieces
very rapidly after the first few minutes ;
at times they brightened up, but never
got fairly together. We won by eight to
two, our goals being kicked by Lovett (2)
Shepherd (2), Lay, Brown, Powell and
Deacon.

On Nov. 3rd, we played a scratch XI. captained by Mr H. E. Mallam of Hertford College, an Old Abingdonian. The team was fairly strong, especially the back division. They were the first to score but before half-time we equalized; neither side succeeded in gaining any further advantage, the match thus ending in a draw. Our team was rather ragged at times, but on the whole kept well together. The goal was scored by Lovett.

School v. Abingdon A Team, Nov. 3rd. The School field was muddy to say the least, and the weather abominable for this match. Abingdon put a fairly powerful team in the field, and we suffered our first, and so far our only defeat, by three goals to one (Mr. Cousins). The rain was at times almost blinding.

Nov. 10th. School v. Pembroke College. This proved an even match, and for some time, almost throughout in fact, the issue was doubtful. In the end we won a pleasant and interesting match by five to three. Lay (3), Lovett and Brown scored for the School.

Nov. 21st. School v. St. John's School, Oxford. Our opponents, though somewhat stronger than last year proved no match for us. From start to finish we held the upper hand, and won by the solid majority of seven to nil. The goals were kicked by Lovett (3), Shepherd (2), A. W. Morland and Lay (one each).

Nov. 24th. School v. Oxford Temperance. This match also we won by seven to none, though up to half-time we had only scored once and the play had been very even. Mr. Wilson was

the only master available to assist us, Messrs. Cousins and Orpwood playing for Abingdon in their Cup Tie, and Mr. Prowde being on the injured list. Morland in goal, in this and the previous match together, was only called upon to save four times. Goals were credited to Lovett (2), Brown (2), Shepherd, Lay and Noble.

School v. Lincoln College, on Dec. 1st, was played in a dense fog. It was quite impossible to see anything more than half the length of the field. Our first goal was appealed against for "off side," whilst their first never went between the posts at all. Our backs and goal-keeper had as much as they could do once or twice to prevent them scoring again. The result was in favour of the School by three to two. Mr. Cousins, Lay and Deacon scored for us.

CHARACTERS OF THE FOUR.

H. Shopland (bow). Does a lot of honest work but without proportionate results.

N. P. Shepherd (2). Is very uncertain. Often rows well and in good style, but is sometimes given to bucketing.

M. G. Hannay (3). Does a very large share of the work, backs up stroke well. With regular coaching would make a valuable oar.

A. W. Morland (stroke). Has a very neat style, sets a good smart stroke and maintains it, rows pluckily right to the finish.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We wish to congratulate the Rev. Creswell Strange, Vicar of Edgbaston, and the first president of the O.A.C. on his appointment as Honorary Canon of Worcester; and the Rev. R. J. Knowling Vice-Principal of King's College London, who has been appointed Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the same college.

We wish to acknowledge the following gifts to the School, and to thank the donors of them; picture of Mr. E. Morland, O.A. 1853-1855, and Governor of the School from 1892-1894, presented by the Head Master; and Lewis & Short's Latin Dictionary by J. Townsend, O.A., Scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford.

Our thanks are also due to the Rev. W. M. Meredith, O.A., who has offered a Prize for Latin and Greek Composition to be competed for annually.

The terminal whole holiday was granted on Monday, November 5th. By the kindness of Mr. King those of the boys who had not gone home, received free admission to the Abingdon Cattle Show which was held on that day. We are also indebted for another holiday to the Mayor, Mr. E. J. Harris, who on his appointment, according to long established custom, asked for a half-day's remission of School.

Since half-term, School on Monday afternoon has been reduced from two hours to one, whilst in compensation morning school has been lengthened by

a quarter of an hour on four mornings in the week. By the new arrangement time is provided for a game of football in addition to the regular games on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Governors of the School have supplied a long felt want by providing efficient heating apparatus. The School Room, the Reading Room, the IV. Form Class Room, and the Studies are now warmed by hot water pipes and radiators. The benefit derived from them is felt throughout the whole building but especially in the School Room. In addition to these improvements the Governors have provided the V. Form Class Room with new desks, &c. We cannot lose the opportunity of acknowledging their efforts to promote the greater efficiency of the School.

N. G. Powell who 3 years ago left Abingdon for St. Paul's School, London, has, we were pleased to see, been awarded an Exhibition at St. John's College, Cambridge.

On Tuesday, December 18th, at 8 o'clock, a Concert will be given in the School Room, when Dr. Farmer's Sacred Oratorio "Christ and His Soldiers," will be performed by the School Choir assisted by some friends.

We understand that Thursday, January 17th is the date proposed for the dinner of the O.A.C., and that in all probability it will be held at Oxford.

The following subscriptions to the Science Rooms have been received by the Secretary of the O.A.C. since those which we published in our last issue.

Adrian Young	..	..	2	2	0
J. T. Morland	..	..	3	3	0
Archdeacon Hayward	..	..	5	5	0
V. Strange	..	..	3	3	0
J. H. Meredith	..	..	2	2	0
Rev. W. M. Meredith	..	..	1	1	0

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Ipswichian and the Eagle (St. John's School, Oxford.)

OXFORD LETTER.

Another Varsity year has commenced. and we welcome among us another representative of our old school, namely, H. J. W. Gilman, who has taken up his residence in Oxford, as a non-collegiate student.

The Football Teams have both been doing well, each having lost only one match. The Rugby Match against Blackheath was the finest seen in Oxford for many years, and its result augurs well for our success against Cambridge, though we are more than likely to lose the services of C. B. Fry, who was hurt in the match against the Harlequins.

The Intercollegiate cup produced several good matches, and the final in

which Magdalen beat Trinity by 2-0 was a hard fought game from start to finish.

The Coxwainless fours in the early part of term were won by New College, whose crew was decidedly superior to any of those opposed to them.

The trial eights were rowed over the usual course at Moultsford, on Friday, and resulted in a win for Graham's crew by a clear length.

I regret that Old Abingdonians in general have not shown much prowess in sport this term; perhaps they are working too hard.

P. H. Morland won the hurdle race in his college sports, and finished 3rd in the 100 yards.

St. James' Budget, November 30th, should be interesting to all who are connected in any way with the school, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Poole, the writer of the article alluded to.

OLIM ALUMNUS.

Oxford,

December 4th.

"ABINGDONIAN" BALANCE SHEET.

No. 16.

DR.	£	s.	d.
By Annual Subscriptions	0	19	6
„ Sale of Copies and Postage paid	3	3	7
	4	3	1
„ Balance on No. 15	0	12	6½
	£4	15	7½

CR.	£	s.	d.
To Printing No. 16.	4	10	0
„ Postages and Sundries	0	5	3
	4	15	3
„ Balance (carried forward)	0	0	4½
	£4	15	7½

December, 1894.

H. MORLAND, Hon. Sec. and Treas.